
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JUNE, 1821.

MISS WILSON.

AT length we have the pleasure of presenting our fair readers with the portrait of Miss Wilson, and we now cease to regret the delay that has unavoidably attended its insertion, since we have it in our power to submit to them the most correct and elegant likeness that has hitherto appeared of that lady in any publication. Miss Wilson was born at Spittal, in Berwickshire, on the 10th of May, 1803. She is the daughter of respectable parents, who shortly after her birth, left Scotland, and established themselves in London, where the object of our memoir had the opportunity of hearing Miss Stephens, at Covent-Garden Theatre; and being delighted with her performance, and consequently anxious to study music, she constantly urged her father to take her to Mr. Welch, for instruction. He at length complied with her request; and, after a year's gratuitous tuition, articles of agreement were entered into, and the happy result was her *début* at Drury-lane Theatre, on the 18th of January, 1821, in the character of Mandane, in Arne's beautiful opera of *Artaxerxes*. We refrain from motives of delicacy to compare her performance with that of any other person: it is sufficient to say, that the effect produced on the audience was of an unprecedented kind. At the end of "The Soldier tir'd," the

pit rose up and cheered her, which was immediately followed by the whole house, and the fame and reputation of Miss Wilson was fully established as a very first-rate singer, and what is still more extraordinary, the general approbation expressed for her deportment as an actress, equalled the approval of her vocal exertions. She has well sustained the high expectations of the public; and her attraction has raised Drury-lane from a state of unpopularity to fashion and wealth. While writing this paragraph, we are reminded by the play-bills, that Miss Wilson has played forty-six nights, and in three characters *only*—Mandane, Rosetta, and Clara. Her engagement was for forty nights, at twenty guineas per night. The manager, Mr. Elliston, to whom great praise is due for speculating so liberally, delighted with her complete success, has renewed his engagement with the fair songstress, and she is shortly to appear in a new character, written expressly for her. In our Number for February, our readers will find further interesting particulars of Miss Wilson, and to that we beg to refer them. We cannot close this memoir without giving the due meed of praise to Mr. Thomas Welsh, whose excellence as a teacher is well proved by that of his pupils. The success that has attended his exertions is equal to his merit; he has now the pleasure of seeing his two favorite *élèves*, Miss Stephens and Miss Wilson, at the head of their respective theatres, while Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Horn add greatly to his fame as male scholars. We understand, and we mention it with regret, that he does not intend to instruct for the stage again. The specimens that he has afforded of the superiority of his talents, in this respect, make us desirous of still retaining them for the benefit of others; for we are old-fashioned enough to prefer the excellence of our own country to that of every other; and Miss Wilson's abilities receive no small degree of value in our estimation from their being of genuine British growth.

THE
ADVENTURES OF A SOVEREIGN.

(Continued from page 210.)

THE next morning, as my master expected Major Norland, he remained at his lodgings; but Lady Eleanor told him, she was under the necessity of leaving him, as she had promised to take several ornaments in, and was unwilling to disappoint the person who employed her. She had accordingly equipped herself in her faded pelisse, but the large bonnet had not yet shaded her fine features. While she was finishing her dress, Conway was amusing himself with looking at the drawings which she had laid before him, and in the most enthusiastic manner admiring the beauty of the several designs, and the masterly execution that really distinguished them. Intent upon this pleasing occupation, he heard not approaching footsteps, and Norland, with an elderly gentleman, who appeared much out of health, stood before him without his noticing their entrance. The pleasurable sensation to which the sight of his friend at first gave birth, was almost immediately lost in the idea that his Eleanor was seen in a dress so unbecoming to her station, and he glanced at the drawings a look of chagrin, almost fancying in the moment that their destination could be discovered; but before he could well recover from his temporary vexation, he encountered another for which he was not in the least prepared. Norland appeared less cordial and familiar than he had been the evening before, and though he bowed with respect to Lady Eleanor, he neither announced her name, nor his own, to the stranger. "My friend," said Norland, "is a connoisseur in this style of drawing, and as he is anxious to have a design of his own executed particularly well, I have brought him," continued he, turning to Lady Eleanor, "that he may give his own instructions." The color mounted into her ladyship's cheek, but Conway was scarcely able to restrain his indignation at such unfeeling indelicacy, and he was about to speak,

when the voice of the stranger stopped him. He had taken up one of the pieces that lay on the table, and was observing it attentively. "How exquisitely beautiful," said he, "those features are absolutely animated! You must have devoted a great deal of time to the cultivation of your talents, to produce so charming a piece as this? May I ask," and he raised his eyes as he spoke for the first time, to the countenance of his blushing auditor, but whether in admiration of her beauty, or from some cause, inexplicable, perhaps, to himself, he instantly paused, and the sentence remained unfinished. Again he noticed the drawing, and again looked at her ladyship, who, on her part, seemed to be equally struck with his manners and appearance.

In the mean time, Norland had drawn Conway a little aside, and was endeavoring to enter into conversation with him; but the latter was too much annoyed at his conduct, and too much interested in the scene before him, to attend particularly to his remarks. The stranger continued to make various observations on the different groups before him, and evidently seemed in no haste to release her ladyship from her unpleasant situation; and her replies, though concise, were uttered with so sweet a grace, that they were far more calculated to prolong than shorten his stay.

"You are not then publicly known as an artist," said he, in reply to an answer she had previously given to one of his enquiries.

"I am not, indeed," she returned, in a tone that again abstracted his attention from the ornaments to herself.

"It is a pity!" he exclaimed; "but thus it is too often; true merit is suffered to wither in the shade, while its semblance revels in the sun-beams of prosperity, and genius is permitted to gather only the scattered gleanings that presumption leaves. These are for sale, I presume," added he, after a slight pause." Lady Eleanor bowed; but Conway was again about to step forward, when Norland observing his intention held him tightly by the arm. "Be quiet!" said he, "leave it to your wife." Much against his inclination, he again retreated.

The stranger hesitated—he again looked at her; then placing two of the most beautiful by him, "These are mine," said he; "I know little of their nominal worth, but their in-

trinsic value is great in my estimation; this I am sure is not more than the talent displayed in them deserves;" so saying, he placed a bank-note of some value in her hand. My master could bear no more, but darting forward with throbbing heart and crimsoned cheek, "You are mistaken, sir," said he, almost choaked with feelings that swelled his breast, "your bounty is misplaced; that lady has no occasion for pecuniary assistance;" and whilst the stranger regarded him in silent astonishment, he tendered him back the note. "My dear, dear George," cried Lady Eleanor, laying her hand on his arm, and looking at him with bewitching tenderness, "restrain your emotions. It is but mistaken pride that scorns a benefit, and though I grieve for the mortification that you have *unnecessarily* experienced," and she cast a reproachful glance at Major Norland, "I can for myself feel no other sensation than gratitude to him (bending with lowly grace to her intended benefactor) who would so generously have rewarded my labors, and whose delicate manner deserves my warmest thank." "Indeed, I meant not to offend," he replied, "and I shall be happy in offering any apology that you think necessary, but I thought——" "You thought," said Lady Eleanor, finishing the sentence, for he stopped confused, "that some assistance would be acceptable, and the kind feelings of your heart prompted you to adopt this method of befriending me as the least objectionable to my pride; believe me, sir, as such I fully appreciate your benevolent intentions." "Noble-minded woman!" murmured the stranger. "I do not presume, sir," continued he, turning to my master, "to decide upon the propriety of your hasty declaration, ignorant as I must necessarily be of your motives; but I must be allowed to say, that though your pride may have been wounded in one respect, it must be amply gratified in every other, and the possession of a being like this, however you may be circumstanced, must render you an enviable man." "You are right," said Major Norland, now advancing forward; "but I will go a little further and say, that not only the man, who is happy [enough to call this lady his own, has a right to be proud, but all who are connected with her." "I agree with you," returned the stranger, warmly; "to be allied to virtue is, at all times, more honorable than

to be descended from royalty, and more justly to be valued than the longest pedigree." "Then give me leave, General Gordon," said Norland, "to introduce to you your niece, Lady Eleanor Conway, and let me have the pleasure of effecting a double reconciliation, and of making my peace with the dearest friend I have in existence."

Lady Eleanor had heard only the name of that uncle to whose generosity she had formerly been indebted for the rich presents that he had been in the habit of making her, as his godchild, but whose person twenty years' absence from his native country had obliterated from her recollection, when, with much emotion, she had sunk on her knees before him. He raised her up, with sensations little inferior to her own, and cordially embraced her, at the same time, holding out his hand to Conway, who accepted it with equal delight and surprise.

When tranquillity was a little restored, Conway begged for an elucidation of a mystery, which, though it had terminated happily, had at first caused him such vexation; "but," added he, "I believe I have offered you no apology for my hasty conduct, or injurious opinion of you." "Nor need you," said the Major, pressing his hand; "that friendship stands on a very frail foundation that requires an apology for every intemperate word or thoughtless act that may occur; and when I see the generous feelings of a man boil over with rather more impetuosity than common, I rejoice too sincerely that he possesses them to resent their ebullition, though I am a sufferer by the means. Too much ceremony is the bane of friendship." "And too little," interrupted the General, "its destruction; but we are impatient for your promised explanation."

"Upon hearing," said Norland, "to what family Lady Eleanor belonged, I instantly conceived the hope of effecting a reconciliation with some of its members at least; for the General, who had accompanied me from India, on account his health, had honored me with his notice and confidence, and from him I learnt the mortification he had sustained from the unworthy match, (for such he was taught to believe it) that his favorite niece had formed. The name, however, of the object of her choice he never mentioned, and I had not, of course, the slightest suspicion of the fact, or I could

have relieved his mind from much of its uneasiness. As the best means of effecting my plan, I resolved upon introducing the General himself as stranger, that he might have an opportunity of judging without prejudice; and merely mentioned you as a slight acquaintance, and your *cara sposa* as a person fully capable of executing the design which he had expressed himself so anxious to have finished. I have succeeded almost beyond my hopes; and now, Lady Eleanor, (continued he, turning to her) am I to hope for forgiveness, or ought I not rather to demand some satisfaction for the saucy and indignant look you lately bestowed on me?" Lady Eleanor smiled through a joyous tear at him. "Your pardon is sealed, you perceive," said Conway; "but may I hope (looking towards the General) that mine is also obtained? Believe me, sir, my refusal, my unhandsome refusal of your generosity, proceeded from no disrespect of you, but—" "You acted as I should have done myself," hastily replied the amiable man, "and I value you the more for your conduct. You are worthy of my Eleanor; and though you stole too precipitate a march upon us in the first instance, and I am no advocate for runaway matches in any case, I shall henceforth be proud to acknowledge you as my nephew. But I must have my design executed, Eleanor," added he, patting her tearful cheek, "and I must be allowed to pay you too, in spite of Don Ferdinando there." "With affection then, dear uncle," said Lady Eleanor. "Very good; but we must add a little grape-shot to powder," said he, laughing, "or the enemy that you so nobly dared to single combat will yet gain possession of the field. Ah! Eleanor, like many others of your sex, you can play the heroine as long as affliction storms the fort, but you degenerate into the mere woman, when generosity displays its ensign before the walls. Prudence is cashiered for her suggestions, and the citadel is surrendered not *at discretion*, but *without discretion*. We must put it out of your power to present us with any more scenes like the one you have lately done, for they are too affecting to be made common; and as your father, perhaps, can spare a daughter, and I am in want of one, I see no other method of reconciling all our desires than of adopting you as my own, and living henceforth as one family. The young and old seldom agree well together,

and should we form no exception to the rule, I am not likely to interfere long with you." "Interfere!" cried Conway, warmly, "perish the heart that would deprive its benefactor of one moment's satisfaction, or breathe the faintest wish to shorten an existence that has blessed its own. Our happiness, sir, can be found only in your's." The General acknowledged this affectionate declaration with a smile of pleasure; but the delight of the whole group defies my description, and I must draw a veil over it. I could not, however, refrain from forming a wish that I might be allowed to witness the future bliss of the amiable pair; but, alas! I was doomed to know no resting place, for the next morning I was paid away to one of the inferior tradesmen that attended the house.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

CHARLOTTE CHRISTINA SOPHIA DE WOLFENBUTEL, the wife of Czarovitz Alexis, son to Peter I. Czar of Muscovy, and sister to the consort of the Emperor Charles VI. was born August 25th, 1694. This princess, although possessed of beauty, wit, graces, and virtue, became the object of the hatred and aversion of her husband, the most ferocious man in existence. Several times he attempted to poison her, but timely antidotes being administered, she escaped with her life.

One day, at last, (she then was advanced eight months in her pregnancy), he gave her so violent a blow, that she fell senseless on the ground, bathed in her blood. Peter I. was then on his travels. His son, under a conviction that the unfortunate princess could not recover, immediately set off for his country seat.

The Countess of Konismarck, mother to Marshal de Saxe, was attending on the princess at the time she was delivered of a still-born child, and took every possible care of her. But as she foresaw that, in case the princess should recover, the savage Czarovitz would be induced to murder her at some future period, she imagined a mode of saving her life; to which purpose, she bribed the female attendants

of the princess, and wrote to the husband that both the mother and child were dead. The Czarovitz, in answer, ordered them to be buried immediately without pomp or ceremony. Couriers were dispatched to the Czar, and to every foreign court; and Europe went into mourning for a log of wood that was buried.

Meanwhile the princess, who had been carried into a private apartment, recovered by degrees. As soon as her strength would permit, supplied with some jewels, and as much gold as the countess could procure, and assuming the garb of a mechanic's wife, she departed for Paris, with a confidential German servant, who passed for her father. Her stay in the capital of France was but very short. She soon left it with a female servant, reached one of the sea ports, and embarked for Louisiana.

Her distinguished countenance attracted at first universal attention. Amongst her admirers, was an officer of the name of Dauband, who had been in Russia, and who thought he knew her again.

He could hardly be persuaded, however, that a woman so situated could be the daughter-in-law of the Czar. In order to ascertain the truth, he made a tender of his services to the supposed father. The parties, by degrees, became more intimate, till at last they entered into a partnership for the establishment of a plantation.

A few months after, information was received in the colony of the death of the Czarovitz. Dauband then declared to the princess that he knew her, and offered to relinquish his property in the island, to accompany her back to Russia.

But the widow of Czarovitz finding herself more happy now than she had been near the throne, refused to sacrifice the tranquillity of her present obscure station to all the allurements of ambition. She only required of Dauband to keep her secret inviolate, and to behave towards her in the same manner that he had hitherto done.

He bound himself by oath to obey her commands, and his private interest alone must have induced him not to perjure himself. The beauty and superior merit of the princess had made a most lively impression upon him, which the habit of living under the same roof had still more strengthened. He was still in the prime of life, and very agreeable in his person. As the princess could never have suspected that he

knew who she was, his respectful attention to her had ever proved more acceptable and flattering; neither had it been repaid with ingratitude. It was agreed upon that they should continue the same mode of life; but they became daily dearer to each other.

The old man, who passed for the princess's father, now dying, she and Dauband could no longer live habitually in the same house, as when they appeared to be authorised by a parent; common decency would not allow it. Dauband intimated as much to the princess, and seized that opportunity of making an open declaration of his sentiments, and represented at the same time, that as she had renounced every idea of grandeur, she might also accept of him for a husband, in case she had no dislike for his person, and by this means better conceal her former situation in life. The princess yielded consent; and she who had been intended to govern Russia, and whose sister reigned at Vienna, became the wife of a mere officer of infantry. In the first year of her marriage, she was brought to bed of a daughter whom she suckled at her own breast, educated herself, and taught her to speak both French and German.

They had lived for ten years in that happy state of mediocrity in which the reciprocal love of a married couple is a substitute for riches, when the husband was attacked with a serious complaint; alarmed at the danger of an operation, which was deemed necessary, his wife wished it should be performed in Paris.

They sold their plantation, and embarked on board the first ship that was ready to set sail. When they reached Paris, Dauband sent for the most skilful surgeon that could be recommended. His wife nursed him with unabated attention and tenderness until his cure was completed. Dauband soon after solicited and obtained a major's commission in the island of Bourbon.

During the interval of her husband's restoration, his wife would occasionally go and take a walk, or breathe a fresher air in the Thuilleries, with her servant.

One day, as they were seated on a bench, and speaking German, that they might not be understood by those who sat near them, Marshal de Saxe, who was passing by, hearing two females speak in his native language, stopped to look at them. The princess lifted up her eyes, but instantly

cast them down again as soon as she recognized the Marshal, and showed such confusion, that he exclaimed, "How, madam! is it possible?" She did not allow him to say more, but taking him aside, confessed who she was, requested he would keep her secret, leave her for the present, and call at her lodgings to be informed of all that related to her.

The marshal waited upon her the following day. She recounted to him her adventures, and the part which the Countess of Konismarck, his mother, had acted in assisting her. She entreated him not to mention any thing about her till such time as a negotiation which she had entered into was at issue, which she expected would be in about three months. The marshal promised, and would every now and then visit her and her husband *incog*.

The delay which she demanded was nearly expired, when the marshal calling upon her one morning, was informed that she had left Paris two days since with her husband, who had been appointed to the majority of the isle of Bourbon.

The marshal went immediately to report to the king all that related to the princess. His Majesty sent for one of his ministers, (M. de Machault); and, without mentioning from what motive, ordered him to write to the governor of the isle of Bourbon to treat M. Dauband with the greatest respect. The king, notwithstanding the war between the two countries, wrote to the Queen of Hungary to acquaint her Majesty with the situation of her aunt. The queen returned thanks to Lewis XV. addressed him a letter to the princess, containing an invitation to come to her, provided she would part from her husband and daughter, whom the king condescended to provide for. The princess refused agreeing to these terms, and continued with her husband till he expired in 1747. Her daughter dying soon after, the princess returned to Paris, and lodged in an hotel. She proposed retiring into a convent: but the Queen of Hungary offered her a pension of twenty thousand dollars, if she would settle at Brussels. I do not know whether she ever went; but I am certain, that in the year 1772, she lived at Vitry, a village in the vicinity of Paris, with three servants, one of which was a negro. She was then called Mad. de Moldack; but I cannot tell who M. de Moldack was, or when they were married; but she was a widow again at the time I have just been mentioning. D. W.

MARRIAGE;

A TALE.

.....
 Ah! what is life! With ills encompass'd round,
 Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound. GAY.

It was in vain that Jaqueline exerted all her powers of fascination to win him to repose, or that gaiety or variety spread their charms before him; the sting of conscience goaded him almost to madness, and poisoned every enjoyment. In such a frame of mind, he was not likely to prove a pleasing companion to any one, and she who had thus assisted him into the depth of guilt into which he was now plunged, found his society both irksome and disagreeable. To avoid the reproaches with which he was assailed, he frequently left his lodgings, which were, however, seldom without some of Jaqueline's acquaintance, upon whom she had imposed a belief of her marriage, and wandered wherever his fancy directed.

It was three weeks after his desertion from his home, that, fatigued with a long walk he had taken, he entered into the English hotel in the Rue de **, where, seating himself in a retired corner of one of the saloons, he sat apparently regarding the numerous parties of strangers that were continually passing to and fro, but in reality buried in his own wretched reflections. His attention was, however, arrested by the appearance of a gentleman, who, in company with another, approached the spot where he sat, but who appeared too earnestly engaged in conversation to heed him. The features of the stranger seemed perfectly familiar to him; though at the moment he was unable to recall to his recollection when or where he had seen them before. They stood so close to him, that it was impossible for him not to overhear their conversation. "Such," said the one who had attracted his attention in the first instance, "was the end of her who was once the delight of all eyes. How I loved this sister, the bitterness of my grief alone can attest." He paused unable to proceed. "Poor Georgiana," he continued,

after a lapse of a few moments, "some heavy calamity lay at her heart, and withered the sweet blossom before its prime." De Courcy had turned away his head, unwilling to be more than a tacit listener to their dialogue; but the last words of the stranger forcibly rivetted his attention: the name, and the occasional tones of his voice, struck on his heart, and filled him with an indefinable emotion, which rendered him incapable of removing from his situation. "My heart," added the speaker, "foreboded that we should meet no more when I took my leave of her; but I did not think her end was so near. She died on the seventeenth, a memorable day, for it was her birth-day. (De Courcy remembered that it was the same day that he had left N.) Here is a letter which was written a few days before her death containing some instructions that I am rather at a loss how to follow." He read in so low a voice that De Courcy was unable to understand him perfectly; but on the other gentleman asking some question, he repeated part of the letter in a more audible tone, and the following words reached him distinctly. "As my last request then, my dear George, I entreat you to deliver the enclosed packet, if possible by your own hands. He is in the neighbourhood of N—, and still bears the name of De Courcy; but as you have seen him formerly in Grosvenor-square, I think there is no fear of your mistaking him." Had the earth opened before him De Courcy could scarcely have felt more horror than he did at this confirmation of a vague suspicion which the former words of the stranger had excited; he gasped for breath, and became almost insensible to what followed. "What acquaintance my poor sister could have had with De Courcy, to authorise this communication, I cannot imagine; but as it was her wish, I will certainly set out to-morrow for N—, and acquit myself of the charge."

This declaration roused his benumbed faculties, and immediately rising, he accosted the now declared brother of Lady Desmond, and in as few words as possible, and as calmly as the distracted state of his feelings would permit, made himself known. Sir Henry Beauchamp instantly recognized him, and without hesitation, delivered the letter to him. Compelled to make a precipitate retreat, he hastened from their presence, and returning to his lodgings, he

shut himself up in his own room, and with uncontrollable emotion, broke the seal. Once more he saw the well-known characters of her who, and he shuddered as the thought crossed him, was now an inmate of that tomb, to which, in all probability, he had doomed her. A dimness overspread his sight, and though his eyes glanced over the lines, he was incapable of collecting the sense. He laid the letter down, and throwing himself back in his chair, he almost fancied that life itself was receding. "Georgiana! Agnes!" he falteringly exclaimed, "you are both revenged; and thus I yield an existence that my crimes have justly forfeited." In a few moments, however, he became more composed, and, with a desperate effort, again took up the letter, which, with some difficulty, he read.

It is, however, necessary to digress a little, and return to the eventful evening in which Sir William discovered the dreadful secret that for ever blasted his happiness. It was very long before the wretched Lady Desmond could be recovered from the deep swoon into which she had fallen at the sight of her injured husband. During the whole of the night, she remained totally unconscious of all that was passing; and one fainting fit followed each other in such alarming succession, that her terrified attendants urged the necessity of instant medical assistance. Sir William gave the requisite order; but, unable to collect his own distracted thoughts, he wrote a note to Lady Isabella Stewart, the cousin and bosom friend of Lady Desmond, and implored her to come instantly to him. Alarmed at such a message, and conceiving something particularly serious must threaten her beloved friend, she did not delay a moment, but returned with the messenger. The countenance of Sir William was not calculated to dispel her apprehensions, but almost discrediting the evidence of her senses, she listened to the recital he gave her. "Isabella," said he, "if such be your distress, what must necessarily be mine? But at this time yesterday, I believed myself the most blest of men. I loved, and, fool like, believed I was loved in return; now, degraded, insulted, deceived, where shall I fly for comfort, or even for forgetfulness of my misery? And this is justice! the wretch who defrauds my property, and endangers my safety, must suffer for his crime, when want might plead in excuse for

the one, and an injury, though an unintentional one, for the other; but the destroyor of happiness and of innocence, the treacherous ingrate who can feed only on the heart that nourishes him, goes forth exulting in his crime, and crushing under his foot the relics of former bliss with ridicule and scorn, boldly enters again into society, and is again received, flattered, and cherished. Oh! Thou," he cried, raising his eyes and hands to heaven, with emphatic motion, "who art too pure to behold iniquity, why sufferest thou thy red right arm to delay its vengeance? Why defendest thou not thine own cause, and smitest the sinner in his sin?"

"Forbear, Sir William," exclaimed the weeping Lady Isabel; "your indignation hurries you into expressions which your reason will hereafter condemn. God does defend his own cause, and in the tortures that rend the guilty breast, revenges the insult to his own Majesty, and punishes the delinquent more severely than all the laws of partial and erring man could do. Leave then the offender to the God of justice, and let the natural feelings of your heart prompt you to pursue that line of conduct which as a Christian and a man becomes you—Georgiana——" "To your care I commend her," returned Sir William; "attend to her, I beseech you, and leave me nothing to reproach myself with—alas! I scarcely know what I say—Woman, Isabella, finds relief in tears, and the uninterrupted effusion of nature softens the pang of sorrow; but the stubborn spirit of man yields only for a moment, and the drops that a kindly weakness calls forth are congealed by pride ere they fall, and a keener sense of misery wrings his heart for the temporary alleviation;—but go, dear girl, I am better by myself." Her lady-accordingly left him, and commenced the sad task of watching the sufferer.

In the course of the evening, Sir William informed her of the visit he had received from Agnes, and its result, and concluded by stating, that it was his intention to leave London the next morning. This resolution she warmly combated on the plea of the alarming state in which Lady Desmond continued; "a state," she added, "which, in the opinion of Dr. B. is extremely serious; leave us not then, I entreat you, till some material change takes place; and if," she falteringly continued, "that change should be a fatal

one, let not her last moments be embittered with the thought that you had deserted her." Sir William glanced an expressive and rather reproachful look at her, which was acutely felt by her ladyship; but he checked the words that hung on his lips, and sighing bitterly, he murmured to himself, "*I never could have deserted her!*" He, however, consented to stay; but in the distraction of his mind, he scarcely knew whether he felt grieved, or rejoiced at the prospect of her danger. For several days all hope of her recovery was entirely excluded; in incoherent ravings she exhausted her strength, and even if life were spared, it seemed doubtful whether reason would be restored.

To describe the state of Sir William while thus she hung hovering on the brink of the grave, would be impossible. Doatingly attached to her, he alternately prayed for her life, and for a speedy release from her sufferings. Sometimes he would enter the room where she lay, but the sight of her distress, or the sound of her groans, generally drove him precipitately away, and he sought the most retired part of the house to be out of the possibility of hearing her. Once she lay so quietly, though perfectly insensible, that, by degrees he nearly reached the bed, and stood attentively regarding her, while the big tears stole slowly down his cheek. The object of his fixed attention might have appeared to be conscious of his presence and commiseration, for, after a faint effort, she breathed the name of Desmond in a tone, which, in happier days, had thrilled his heart with delight. In the instant all was forgotten; the past, the present, vanished before him, and he saw only his own Georgiana, the pure object of his chaste affection. He sprang forward, and clasping her in his arms, imprinted a fervent kiss on her burning lip; but suddenly recovering himself, with a shudder, he started from her, and hurrying from the apartment to conceal his agitation, he locked himself up in the library, where he gave loose to the agonies that rent his manly bosom.

The fever had by this time reached its height, when, taking a favorable turn, in the course of a few days, it entirely left her; but such was the state of exhaustion that succeeded it, that though the fear of immediate danger was removed, there was still ultimately every thing to apprehend. With the first return

of reason, she watched with marked anxiety the countenance of Lady Isabella, but did not make any effort to address her. Her ladyship readily interpreted from her looks a wish to ascertain if she were acquainted with what had recently passed, but felt at a loss in what manner to act. She was, however, relieved by Lady Desmond herself. She had presented her with some light nourishment, and having seen her take it with less reluctance than she had usually done before, she softly pressed her hand, and whispered, "How glad I am to see you better, my dear Georgiana!" "Are you, indeed, glad?" returned Lady Desmond, with as much strength as she was mistress of, and casting a look of piercing enquiry on her varying countenance, mingled with such an expression of anguish, that, unable to support it, she burst into tears, and hid her face in the pillow. "It is enough," said her ladyship, faintly, "you know all, I perceive. Isabella, why do you not leave me to the shame I deserve." "Never!" energetically exclaimed Lady Isabella; "lost to all, you are dear to me; and till you yourself shall banish me, nothing shall separate us. You loved me when you were happy, and would never allow me to leave you; I will love you now you are unhappy, and again and for ever take my place by your side." It ought to be remarked, that the family of the Stewarts had been in the country during the greatest part of the time that De Courcy was most assiduous in his visits, and when they were in town, Lady Desmond had, upon various excuses, been less urgent in claiming the society of her amiable cousin, whose keen penetration and correct principles she dreaded. Isabella had felt the slight, but she carefully concealed her uneasiness from every one, and though anxious to discover the cause of so visible a change, she never for an instant suspected the truth.

Lady Desmond threw her arm round her neck, and mingled her tears with her's. "There are some questions I would ask," she uttered with difficulty, "but cannot—yet tell me, Isabella—where—is—Sir William?" "In his own apartment," was the reply. A slight suffusion tinged the before colorless cheek of Lady Desmond. "Is—is—all safe?" she asked, with painful effort. "Perfectly so," "Then that guilt is spared me, and I would be thankful,

if I dare. And now," she continued, with alarming rapidity, "tell me, I command you, how long shall I be permitted to remain here? Am I already proclaimed to the world the guilty wretch that my heart condemns me?" "Dearest, dearest Georgiana," cried Lady Isabel, "compose yourself, or your life will be the sacrifice of your violence!" "Oh! would it not be well if it were so?" interrupted her ladyship. "No, Georgiana," firmly, said her cousin, "encourage life, and let suffering here be bliss hereafter. Of this comfort, however, I may assure you, there are no legal steps whatever taken, but I am not at liberty to say more at present; endeavor then to rest, and when you are able to bear it, you shall know all." Lady Isabella immediately communicated to Sir William what had passed between them, and requested his instructions as to what answer she was to make to any further enquiries that might be put to her.

The subject was very soon resumed by Lady Desmond, and in an earnest manner she begged at once to know Sir William's intentions, as certainty was, at all events, better than suspense. "Sir William," said Lady Isabella, "desires me to present you with this letter, and wishes for your opinion upon it as soon as possible." With trembling hand she received it, but from agitation and weakness was scarcely able to read it. It was short, and couched in the following guarded, but considerate, terms:

"I write not to reproach you, Georgiana, for your own heart must more severely condemn you, than any words of mine could do, if I had even the wish; but resentment is the least predominant passion of my heart. By the united wishes and even prayers of the exalted woman whose life you have equally embittered with my own, I shall abstain from seeking any legal redress, and I now give you your choice, either to retire to Richley, and there live in total seclusion, or to accept of a deed of unconditional separation from me—of course, all communication must for ever cease between us, let your determination be whatever it may. Your secret, however, is safe from even your own friends, and shall continue so; not even the opprobrium which I am aware will henceforth attach to me for my apparent desertion of you, can increase one pang that is felt by the miserable

DESMOND."

(To be continued.)

THE NIGHT OF TERRORS.

AN HISTORICAL FACT, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

MAXIMILIAN, Archduke of Austria, who, in the sequel, ascended the imperial throne of Germany, and succeeded his father, Ferdinand I. in the government of the Austrian monarchy, spent a great part of his younger days in Spain at the court of his uncle the mighty Emperor and King, Charles V. who had him educated, jointly with his own hereditary Prince, afterwards King Philip the II. In process of time, Maximilian attended his uncle to the war with Francis I. King of France; two years afterwards, to the Smalcaldian expedition, and in 1547, to the Diet at Augsburg, which he opened with a speech, in the name of the Emperor. By his heroism and personal bravery in the field, as well as by his skill and wisdom in the cabinet, he had acquired the confidence and favor of his uncle in so eminent a degree, that, in the year 1548, he obtained his daughter, the Infanta Maria, in marriage. But in this union, Emperor Charles seemed to have still another political object in view; for in wishing thereby to attach the Archduke more firmly to Spain, he conceived it would at the same time, afford him an opportunity of maturing a scheme he had long silently contrived, which was to place the Imperial Diadem of Germany on the head of Philip, his son and heir. When, therefore, in order to facilitate the execution of the plan, the young Prince was called away to Germany, to be near the presence of his august father, the latter very graciously conferred on the Archduke Maximilian the Vice-royalty over the whole Spanish monarchy; which dignified station he held for two years and a half, fulfilling its arduous duties with the greatest solicitude and the most scrupulous fidelity. By this time, however, Charles began to remove in part the impenetrable veil that covered his mysterious design respecting Don Philip, and went to work in a more open manner: but no sooner had Maximilian received intelligence of this, than he instantly quitted Spain, and returned to the

German dominions of his father, Ferdinand, King of Hungary and Bohemia, who, ever since 1531, had been elected King of the Romans. In concert with him, the Archduke most strenuously counteracted all the machinations of the Emperor, and the event has fully demonstrated that their joint exertions have not been ineffectual.

It is notorious that the Spanish nation bore a great deal of ill-will to the Archduke Maximilian; nay, that an attempt was made at one time to take away his life by poison. In fact, their national pride was hurt, partly at the circumstance of the Viceroy, who might probably become their future king, being a foreigner—for it never occurred to them, that, though born at Vienna, he was nevertheless the grandson of King Philip I. and the great-grandson of Ferdinand the Catholic and of Isabella—and partly these grave Spaniards thought him too mild, because in most cases, he preferred clemency to rigour, and in general did not display enough of Spanish grandeur in his deportment. The Archduke's partiality for the Spaniards consequently suffered considerable diminution, and as his aversion to them increased, so his endeavors to foil the attempts of his uncle became more active and vigorous. Whence he was heard to say repeatedly, that he would rather subject himself to perpetual imprisonment, than relinquish the German succession to Philip, even if the absolute sovereignty of the whole Spanish monarchy were the price of such a renunciation.

Less known, however, is the following hunting adventure, which so far from fostering, tended considerably to check the Archduke's affection towards the Spaniards, and which certainly placed him in as much danger of his life, as that shockingly venturesome chace of the gazelle on the rock, called the "Martinswand," in Tyrol, did that of his great ancestor, Maximilian I.

Archduke Maximilian, then a youth full of ardour and strength, and on this very account passionately fond of hunting, one day during his viceroyalty rode out to take this diversion in the environs of Granada. A stately stag attracts the notice of the prince. Determined not to part upon any consideration with so fine a prey, he pursues the swiftly fleeing game into the thickest of the immense, and almost impenetrable, forest. But how dearly had he to pay for this temerity! While he is distancing himself more and

more from his suite, he loses at length every trace of the stag. Behold him now standing, with his panting steed, in the lonely wilderness; he attempts to find an outlet from the thicket, but in vain; for the wood surpasses in intricacy even the labyrinthian mazes of Dædalus. Maximilian, instead of meeting with any egress, is continually entangling himself deeper in this sylvan labyrinth; he ascends rising grounds and hills, he traverses dales and valleys, but no where can his eager eye discover the least vestage of the vicinity of human beings. He calls out as loudly as his lungs will permit him; he discharges his piece, but echo only replies to him in this dreadful solitude.

In the mean time, while involuntarily shuddering at his perilous situation, he wanders about in this extensive forest; night, to augment his dilemma, approaches. Not the twinkling of a star, not the least glimpse of the moon, penetrates through the gloomy awning of the thick branches and boughs, and the dusk of the forest is now converted into utter darkness. Already Maximilian is resolved to do what he cannot alter; and, stretched on the damp moss, to await the coming morn, when all at once a dim ray of light from afar met his watchful eye. Perhaps a pious recluse, who, within his silent retreat, will afford to a strayed huntsman a comfortable night's lodging, and escort him farther in the morning. These were Maximilian's thoughts; and his sinking spirits were reanimated by hope. He quickly rose from his mossy couch, dragged his jaded horse after him, and, forcing his way through thorns and brambles, with much difficulty, and in a state of exhaustion, reached the spot, whence the consoling glimmer of light had struck his view.

It was no deceptive will-o'-the-whisp, that is so apt to lure the erring wanderer to destructive swamps, nor did it proceed from the supposed hermitage; it issued from the very low window of a miserable shepherd's cot, that stood on the heath. "Here dwells hospitality; for it it is oftener met with, and displays itself more cordially, in the humble cottage of the poor, than in the sumptuous dwellings of the great." So said Maximilian, highly pleased within himself; and never in his life had he entered a royal palace with more satisfaction, than he did this wretched hut; never had a brilliantly illuminated festive hall appeared so delight-

ful as this small room, sparingly lighted by a smoking oil-lamp. His heart was elated with joy at seeing himself again among human society, where he hoped to find a resting place during the night, and a guide in the morning.

The owner of the hut, a shepherd, gave the stranger a most hearty welcome, and cheerfully granted his request for a night's lodging, and that his tired horse might be properly taken care of. Having stepped into the hut, the Archduke found in it the shepherd's wife, their son, and his intended bride, a man-servant, who instantly went to mind the horse, and a little girl, the daughter of the landlord. A slender and homely meal, offered with the utmost good-nature, comforted the fatigued prince, who, perhaps, never sat down to a royal banquet with a keener appetite. Rejoiced, and full of good-humour, he had taken a seat at the fire-side; for he fancied himself in the very bosom of hospitality, and was already considering how, after his return, he should reward the good-natured people in a princely manner. It was, indeed, impossible for him, or for any other mortal in his situation, after the kind reception and treatment he had experienced from the inmates of the hut, ever to have suspected the sanguinary design, which, while he was comfortably and unconcernedly enjoying his frugal supper, was forming against him. He felt not in the least surprised at his host, and the rest of the family, leaving him, the greater part of the time he was eating his meal, in the room, and that scarcely once any one of them went to and fro, or happened to exchange a friendly word with him. He imagined the good people were busied with their own concerns, and being perfectly at his ease, he satisfied both his hunger and his thirst. But he was soon to learn that he had fallen into a den of murderers, and that his life would have been safer in the most horrid part of the wood than amongst these seemingly well-disposed men. For while Maximilian, unsuspecting of any harm, was abandoning himself to repose, after having eaten and drunk to satiety, the shepherd had concerted with his family nothing less than the assassination of the unknown stranger, who, either by the richness of his dress, or by some jewel he wore about him, had excited their cupidity; and this atrocious deed was to be perpetrated that very night, as soon sleep should have closed the eyes of the wearied prince. Rapacity and the

thirst of gold operated, at that time, very generally in the minds of the Spaniards, and, indeed, to an alarming degree; for this adventure falls within the period, when their history was stained by the torrents of innocent blood, that was spilt in the eager pursuit after the gold and silver of Mexico, Peru, &c. This fatal passion had likewise taken hold of the inferior classes; and how much does not man degrade himself, to what shocking crimes is he not led away, if ruled by any reprehensible desire!

The Archduke having finished his supper, and feeling inclined to rest, expressed his wish to be accommodated with a bed. The people hastened to prepare him one in a small chamber, that had an old shattered door, which could not be locked. While this was doing, Maximilian sat quietly by himself, leaning his head on his hand; when the young shepherd's bride suddenly entered the room. Horror-struck, and pale as death, she ran towards him, and softly whispered in his ear, that she was desirous of disclosing to him a matter of the greatest moment, provided he would give her his word of honor not to betray her. This good girl partly felt the sincerest compassion for the handsome stranger, and partly she hoped by this disclosure to prevent a horrid misdeed, that she might not be forced to give her hand at the altar to a man, who from rapacious motives had sullied himself with guiltless blood, and thus pass her days in the society of a murderer and robber.

Maximilian first contemplated the terrified young woman with silent astonishment, and then pledged his word, that she might safely rely on his secrecy. Hereupon, she, in a low voice, divulged to him the whole murderous plot, and instantly left him. The surprise and terror of the prince may be more easily conceived than described. But whether from irresolution, or temerity, whether from an apprehension of the dislike the Spaniards had to him, or from a romantic spirit of chivalry, which, for the honor of singly and gloriously sustaining an adventure, sets every thing, even life, at stake, still it must appear singular that he did not attempt to make himself immediately known, as it was by no means improbable, a declaration of his being Viceroy of Spain, joined to the promise of a considerable reward to these greedy villains, would have stifled the sanguinary plot in its birth, and have extricated him at once from all danger. He determined, however, to preserve his concealment, and to sell his life as dearly as possible.

(To be continued.)

ESSAY.

"HAS HISTORY, OR BIOGRAPHY, CONDUCTED MOST TO GENERAL IMPROVEMENT?"

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorum, et vivas hinc ducere voces;
Curantem quidquid dignum sapiente bonoq; est
Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error. HORATIUS.

Our own experience is imperfect, but the example of ancient times—complete.
Kett's Elements of Knowledge, p. 223.

THE proposed question requires, in the first place, that we trace the origin of Biography, and progressively define the numerous branches of History, which, in the course of time, have received distinguished appellations.

History may be divided into three grand parts—civil, ecclesiastical, and natural. Civil History may be subdivided into ancient and modern; the one terminating with the empire of the Romans, and the other commencing with that of the Saracens. Ecclesiastical History, which is coeval with the creation of the world, comprehends the entire system of the Christian religion, the establishment of the church from the days of the apostles, and thence down to the present era, the different sects that have sprung therefrom, including the whole body of divinity, a very large portion of learning and research. Natural History may be subdivided into animal, vegetable, and mineral. The moral tendency afforded by this branch is pre-eminently useful, presenting an extensive field for contemplation; on the one hand, subjects of adoration for the Christian, and on the other, incontrovertible arguments to refute the licentious attacks of infidelity and atheism. Here the infant mind first conceives an idea of the Deity on beholding the matchless mechanism of nature, (from a sentiment innate to man with the earliest dawn of reason, that every effect must proceed from a prior cause) and with unfeigned devotion "looks from nature up to nature's God." And this assertion is somewhat strengthened by the worship of man in a savage state, for he has uni-

versally chosen, as an object of adoration, the most magnificent works of nature, as the sun, moon, &c.

From the two first grand divisions arises what has been termed personal, or the particular history of individuals, now more generally known as Biography. To ascertain the precise period which gave birth to this species of writing, would, perhaps, be almost impossible, nor, indeed, if attained, would it forward the subject in agitation. Yet it is worthy of remark, that the Old Testament, which may be defined general history, and contains the revolutions of the world, for a long series of ages, during which Biography was scarcely known* (at least in its present shape); nor did it come into use until the era of Christ, or New Testament, which may with equal propriety be denominated Biography. This, however, is advanced merely on conjecture, yet it proves, in some degree, the utility of this division, and shews, that, if not a branch of, it is a prop to, the moral duties of Christianity. Having thus distinguished the varieties of History, and demonstrated that Biography, although a separate subject, is nevertheless a part of, and derives existence from that to which it is put in competition, I shall now endeavor to point out the particular excellencies and deficiencies of each, and thus, I apprehend, attain the conclusion required.

On perusing the pages of History, we too often find principles, at direct variance to virtue, eulogized and commended. The destructive march of an Alexander, a Tamerlane, or a Gengis Khan, is painted with enthusiasm, colored with the passion of imagination, and strengthened with the subtleties of rhetoric. Rape, rapine, murder, even sacrilege, and incest, are mentioned as occurrences which could not at that period be avoided, or as the attendant consequences on conquest. Thus the mind is inured to the delineation of scenes which must of necessity harden the chords of sympathy and check every sentiment of benevolence, if not operate as an incitement† to crime. What is the reply of the traitor, in-

* Plutarch and Zenophon (Cyropedia) were, I believe, the principal authors who wrote *prior* to the birth of Christ.

† "They who so often handle the leaves, will long for the fruit at last."—*The Rivals*.

toxicated by blind frenzy, when called upon to answer the offended laws of his country? "History eulogizes, nay speaks with veneration of Brutus and others, whose actions are of the same nature as mine; therefore, I die contented, since I die for the good of my country!"

Historians generally, instead of following the true course, by describing the *manners* and *conditions* of different nations, step out of the beaten track, and seem ambitious to excel in descriptions the most disgusting and revolting to human nature, in place of showing the progressive and gradual improvement of human intellect, and the probable causes from which they may emanate; and touching rather in a casual way on the atrocities of those who have built a throne with the bones of myriads of their fellow-creatures, and cemented the structure with blood*, whose path is known, not by the smiling and flourishing appearance, but by the smoking ruins and despoiled face of the fairest provinces of the earth. These transactions, which are a libel on humanity, nay, an insult on mankind, and which should rather excite abhorrence and detestation, are, on the contrary, perused with avidity and delight. Read the history of Greece, of Rome, of France, or even of England, and you will find nothing but one continued catalogue of bloodshed and crime. Happiness is depicted, not in the cottage of peaceful tranquillity, but on the gory banner of war, the clanging clarion, and the martial trampling of the "steel-cased" multitude. Men have been deified not for the *goodness*, but the *greatness* of their exploits. The dark and murderous actions of these heroes have been shrouded by the tinsel veil of honor and glory. Historians have sought the *great* and *glorious*, rather than the *just* and *good*; they have sedulously concealed the deformities of war under the mask of *liberty* and *magnanimity*. In short, they have left to posterity a heterogeneous mass, splendid, indeed, with the decorations of romance, and gorgeous with the pomp of language; yet after all a composition of vice tempered with systematic cruelty, an example loath-

* One murder makes a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes seem privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctify the crime!"

Bishop Porteus.

some from ungoverned passion and unrestrained desire. At the same time, it is but just to shew the fairer side of the picture, to point out the important uses which may occur to certain characters, particularly to the soldier, the statesman, and the philosopher, whose minds, fortified by a knowledge of the world, and matured by reason, might discover "good arising from evil."

The man of letters will hence learn to trace the progress of literature, the origin of the arts and sciences, the relative connexion between every existing *effect* and its probable *cause*, the adversity and vicissitudes of life, and the effects which various circumstances have produced on society, either beneficial or otherwise, and at the same time the horrors which necessarily follow superstition, ignorance, and tyranny.

History has been justly termed, "philosophy teaching by example," and it assists us far more than precept in shaking off the delusions of self-love, or ill-founded attachments. The man who has never known any other than his native country, looks upon the institutions of surrounding nations with contempt; contracted in his views, he judges of all by his own narrow conception, forgetting that genius or worth is not confined to any particular people. It is only by familiarising himself with history, that he rids himself of these injurious prejudices. By reviewing the works of others, he imbibes a just idea of virtue, and learns to value true merit, appreciating it by one common standard—the opinion of the *world*; by which means the ignorance and imbecility of the mind is removed, and replaced by liberal sentiments for wisdom and virtue; thus effecting, or rather laying a basis for, *general improvement*.

From what has been advanced, it is evident that History lays open, in a bold and striking manner, *all* that has transpired since the creation of the world, but does not particularize and enter into the *minutiæ* of the subjects. On the contrary, Biography possesses, in a *degree*, similar qualifications, with this capital advantage—the known reality of what is related. It admits of all the force of rhetoric, heightened with the vivid coloring of romance. It appeals with double energy to the mind, because it is founded on *truth*, and di-

lates admirably on the trifles which form a man's character more distinctly than history possibly could, on account of the variety of subjects embraced under one head.

Had the question proposed been any *one* branch of History, I am of opinion, Biography would have borne the palm; but taken in a general sense, the concentrated force of History is too powerful. It is as the mighty and overwhelming torrent of a rapid river compared to a meandering rivulet; the contemplation of one is awful, of the other pleasing; and their separate utility is *equal in comparison*.

When we speak of Biography, it is as a delicate finish to fill up the bold outline of History, as the life-speaking touch of a Titian over the rugged, though more magnificent pencil, which delineates the savage and sublime beauties of nature. "Biographers, by their accurate researches, supply the deficiencies of the historian; what the latter gives us only in sketch, the former present in more complete and highly-wrought portraits*."

I cannot wind up this important and instructive question better, I conceive, than in the words of one† of the earliest writers before-named, on this subject:—"I live," says he, "entirely upon history; and while I contemplate the pictures it presents to my view, my mind enjoys a rich repast from the representation of great and virtuous characters. If the actions of men produce some instances of vice, corruption, and dishonesty, I endeavor, nevertheless to remove the impression, or defeat its effect. My mind withdraws itself from the scene, and, free from every ignoble passion, I attach myself to those high examples of virtue, which are so agreeable and satisfactory, and which accord so completely with the genuine feelings of our nature."

February 20th, 1821.

REGINALD BEAUCHAMP.

* Kett's Elements of Knowledge, p. 217.

† Plutarch.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

ANNALS OF THE PARISH; or, THE CHRONICLE OF DALMAILING, during the Ministry of the Rev. Micah Balwhidder, written by himself. 1 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh.

A story of deep and intricate contrivance is not, of course, what we are to look for in this work, yet the reader, or we greatly err, will be gratified in perusing "The Annals of the Parish," for he will find a succession of striking events in the lives of a group of interesting characters, related in the language of truth, and with a simplicity utterly devoid of affectation. In the extract that we now proceed to make, a fair specimen will be shewn of the nature of the volume before us. The news of the victory of the Nile had just arrived, and with it a letter to Mr. Balwhidder, announcing that among the heroes who had fallen in that glorious achievement, was Charles Malcolm, a youth of great promise, the only child of an amiable widow, residing at Dalmailing.

"I got a letter, (writes the worthy divine) from Mr. Howard, a midshipman who had been to see us with Charles, telling me that Malcolm had been mortally wounded in the action, and was since dead. 'He was a hero, in the engagement,' said Howard, 'and he died as a good and brave man should.' These tidings gave me one of the sorest hearts I ever suffered, and it was long before I could gather fortitude to disclose the tidings to poor Charles's mother. But the callants of the school had heard of the victory, and were going shouting about, and had set the steeple bells a-ringing, by which Mrs. Malcolm heard the news, and knowing that Charles's ship was with the fleet, she came over to the Manse in great anxiety to hear the particulars, somebody telling her that there had been a foreign letter to me by the postman. When I saw her, I could not speak, but looked at her in pity, and the tears fleeting up into my eyes. She guessed what had happened: after giving a deep and sore sigh, she enquired, 'How did he behave? I hope well; for he was aye a gallant laddie;' and then she wept very bitterly. However, growing calmer, I read to her the letter,

and when I had done, she begged me to give it her to keep, saying, 'It is all I have now left of my pretty boy; but its mair precious to me, than the wealth of the Indies.' And she begged me to return thanks to the Lord for all the comforts and all the manifold mercies with which her lot had been blessed, since the hour she put her trust in him alone, and that was when she was left a penniless widow with her five fatherless bairns.

"It was just an edification of the spirit to see the Christian resignation of this worthy woman. Mrs. Balwhidder was confounded, and said there was more sorrow in seeing the deep grief of her fortitude than tongue could tell.

"Having taken a glass of wine with her, I walked out to conduct her to her own house; but in the way, we met with a severe trial, all the *weans* were out parading with napkins and hail blades on sticks, rejoicing in triumph at the glad tidings of the victory; but when they saw me and Mrs. Malcolm coming slowly along, they guessed what had happened, and threw away their banners of joy, and, standing all up in a row with silence and sadness along the kirk-yard, as we passed, shewed an instinct of compassion, that penetrated my very soul. The poor mother burst into fresh affliction, and some of the bairns into an audible weeping; and, taking one another by the hand, they followed us to the door, like mourners at a funeral. Never was such a sight seen in any town before; the neighbours came to look at it, as we walked along, and the men turned aside to hide their faces, while the mothers pressed their babes fondly to their bosoms, and watered their innocent faces with their tears.

"I prepared a suitable sermon, taking for my text, 'Howl, ye ships of Tarshish, for your strength is laid low.' But when I saw around me so many of my people clad in complimentary mourning for the gallant Charles Malcolm, and that even poor daft Jenny Gallow and her daughter had each on an old black riband, and when I thought of him, the spirited laddie, coming home from Jamaica, with his parrot on his shoulder, and his limes for me, my heart filled full, and I was obliged to sit down in the pulpit and drop a tear.

"After a pause, and the Lord having vouchsafed to compose

me, I rose up, and gave out that anthem of triumph, the 124th Psalm, the singing of which brought the congregation round to themselves; but still I felt that I could not preach as I had meant to do; therefore I only said a few words of prayer, and singing another Psalm, dismissed the congregation.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S JOURNAL of the Voyage for the Discovery of the North-West Passage.

This work has been recently published, after exciting, from unavoidable delays, considerable expectation. It contains novel and curious incidents, as well as important facts, and we recommend it for perusal as a most interesting work. It cannot be read without inspiring respect for the enterprising author; it is free from vanity or self importance, and abounds with every mark of superior intellect, manly sentiment, and firmness of purpose. It is but justice to say, the style is every where suited to the subject.

A TREATISE ON SEA-BATHING; by JOHN W. WILLIAMS, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and resident Practitioner at Portsea.

This work is interesting in its remarks on this particular subject, and conveys necessary information and caution both to the invalid, and those blessed with health, in explaining the nature and properties of the most celebrated waters, and the cases to which they may be applied. Also the author's remarks on various complaints, which hot, cold, vapour, or shower, baths are likely to relieve, or effectually cure, with regimen, rules, and other essential particulars proper to be observed by bathers, interspersed with many examples, in support of his theory—a theory, however, resulting from a long practice. He very judiciously remarks on the danger of those entrusted with the care of children, using the cold-bath, without previously consulting a medical gentleman as to its propriety.

Amongst the books lately published from Darton's, we have read with pleasure two neat and interesting little volumes,

LIBERALITY AND OSTENTATION,

Pointing out the wide difference between these qualities, the

excellence of the first, and the evils arising from the latter; and we do not hesitate in advising parents and guardians to add this work to the juvenile library.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JEMMY THE DONKEY.

As a vehicle for conveying sound morals and instruction to the youthful mind, under the guise of innocent pleasantry, we must give the meed of praise to our long-eared friend, and earnestly recommend the perusal of his exploits to children of each sex.

THE REBELLIOUS SCHOOL-GIRL, by MRS HUGHES, (late Robson),

Intended for the instruction of young ladies just entered their teens, as we presume from the nature of the volume, and the ages of Eliza Howard and Clara Gordon. The characters are ably drawn, and afford a lesson to a governess, as well as a pupil, in the caution required as to the mode of punishment, for the scenes are laid at a boarding-school. We wish Mrs. Hughes had not made Eliza Howard so expert in the art of *secret writing*; we trust it is out of *character* in a school-girl, as well as such sentences as these, "The king can do no wrong," "A flaw in the indictment would nonsuit us directly." Surely they are misplaced in such juvenile lips; yet the book has great merit, and places the obedience due to authority in a proper light.

The following are in the press, and will speedily be published:

WOMAN IN INDIA; a Poem, by John Lawson, Missionary at Calcutta, and author of "Orient Harping." Part the First, "*Female Influence*," foolscap, 8vo.

CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE OF FRENCH LITERATURE, consisting of interesting extracts, from the classic French writers, in prose and verse; with biographical and critical remarks.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN; containing some account of the past and present condition of the Peninsula; details relative to the late Revolution; observations on public characters, literature, manners, &c. By Edward Blaquiére, Esq. author of "Letters from the Mediterranean," &c.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR MAY, 1821.

LETTERS from Rio Janeiro have been received, announcing that the king had submitted to the wishes of the people, and accepted the constitution. It is stated that the Brazillian government, after repeated delays, issued a decree that the Prince Royal, Don Pedro, should proceed to Lisbon, for the purpose of examining the constitution, as framed by the Cortes of Lisbon, and then transmit a copy to the king to be adopted for the good of the people of Brazil. This measure gave such dissatisfaction, that on the 21st of February a committee waited on the minister of war and commissioned him to inform his Majesty, that nothing short of the constitution of the Cortes would be accepted. The King returned a flat refusal; in consequence of which, the troops assembled in the square at one in the morning of the 24th, and at three, called on the Prince Royal, to acknowledge the constitution of Portugal. The prince repaired to his illustrious parent to apprise him how affairs stood. The King yielded to the suggestions of prudence, and the Prince, in his name, immediately appointed a new administration, without including one of the former ministers. Thus, in six hours, was this important change affected without bloodshed or confusion; and as soon as it was made known the populace indulged in acclamations of joy. The King appeared at a window, and was most enthusiastically greeted.

Letters of a later date, signify the King's intention to return to his European dominions, leaving his son, the Prince Royal, to govern the Brazillians. The Cortes have decreed that the King shall not be permitted to land, before he has sworn to obey the Constitutional Law, not thinking his declared approval of it a sufficient security.

Naples. The tribunals and police of this kingdom are actively engaged in putting down the sect of Carbonari. Parties of Neapolitan and Austrian troops, accompanied by the civil officers, parade the streets day and night, to take up suspected persons and search for arms. The majority of the people were

made Carbonari during the time when the Constitution was in vogue; and as to punish such a body, would be impossible, they select the most inveterate, or the heads of lodges; three of these were flogged in the street De Toledo, with the irensignia of their order on them; and some females are doomed to the same punishment.—They had their lodges, and nearly the same ensigns of Carbonari as the men, but under the appellation of Giardinére, or garden-women, and were very numerous. Three or four arrests have taken place amongst persons of distinguished rank. The king is shortly expected here.

A sentence of excommunication and anathema has been pronounced by the Patriarch of Constantinople, against Suzzo and his adherents, as traitors to their legitimate sovereign, the Grand Signior.

His Majesty's drawing-room and ball, which in our last number we announced for the 10th of May, was subsequently changed to the 3d of the same month, and was most numerously attended. Hoops were wholly discarded, but the dresses were magnificent from the quantity of diamonds worn. Prince Leopold was in the illustrious circle.

His Majesty went at an early hour to Buckingham-house, where he dressed for the drawing-room.

His Majesty has honored the Opera-house, and both the principal theatres this month, with his august presence, and was received with the most enthusiastic expressions of respect and loyalty on each occasion. He was accompanied by his royal brothers, the dukes of York and Clarence.

His Majesty, we understand, intends to make Buckingham-house his town residence in future, on account of the defective state of the foundation of Carlton-palace; and the advantages possessed by the former of a more open and salubrious air. The fine suit of apartments at St. James's, formerly used for levees, drawing-rooms, and other Court occasions, are to be fitted up immediately for the same purpose.

Coronation. The works have been resumed in Westminster-hall, positive orders being received by the board of works to that effect. Various alterations are making in the dress of his Majesty's attendants for that ceremony. We understand it is the custom to give six weeks notice of a coronation in the Gazette, for the information of foreign courts and ministers.

The Queen unexpectedly honored Drury-lane theatre on Monday the 14th, to witness the performance of Lord Byron's tragedy of Marino Faleiro, the Doge of Venice, accompanied by Lord and Lady Hood. Her Majesty withdrew at an early hour in the most private manner, soon after the national anthem of God save the King, had been sung; which was not performed when first called for by the audience, the vocal strength of the house (according to the statement of Mr. Elliston,) not being in readiness to obey the call.

On the 17th of May, there was a holiday at the public offices on account of her Majesty's birth-day. In the evening, several of the tradespeople illuminated their houses, and some appropriate transparencies and devices were exhibited.

The Marchioness of Worcester attended the King's drawing-room on the 3d of the month, and the dress-ball in the evening, at which she danced and seemed in high health and spirits. The next day her ladyship felt herself indisposed, and went into a cold-bath, which had a contrary effect to the one desired; she grew hourly worse, and on Friday morning was considered in great danger: we sincerely regret to add, that at a quarter before five in the evening, this amiable and interesting young lady expired. The Marchioness was on a visit to her noble relatives, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, at whose residence, (Aspley-house, Piccadilly,) the melancholy event took place.

The Glasgow Chronicle mentions, that during the severe gale of the 14th instant, which proved fatal to the Thomas and her crew, three boats in Chiswell-cove were in the most imminent danger from the fury of the waves. At this perilous juncture, a Newfoundland-dog plunged into the water, and reached the nearest boat; the crew put a rope into his mouth, and the sagacious animal returned with it to the shore, when it was easily grasped by the seamen on the beach, and all three boats were safely hauled to land, one by one, the boats communicating with each other by means of ropes.

The French papers, in addition to the usual routine of intelligence, contains a report of great importance, but of still greater improbability; viz.—That the King of Spain has escaped from Madrid, and put himself at the head of the Constitutional troops. If his Majesty had been endowed with

a fancy for such exploits and hair-breadth escapes, he most surely would have indulged in some attempt to free himself when formerly in the Ex-emperor Napoleon's custody. We acknowledge our anxiety for further intelligence on this subject.

Sir Francis Burdett, on his liberation, declined receiving the sum of six hundred pounds and upwards, raised by subscriptions, with many acknowledgements to the contributors for this mark of their esteem, and suggested his wish that the money might be given to the sufferers at Manchester.

Mr. Hunt's fine of two hundred pounds for the selling of breakfast-powder, has been remitted by government, at the generous, but entirely unsolicited, representations of Sir Robert Wilson.

The printer and editor of the John Bull newspaper, printed in Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, have been committed to Newgate, by the Honorable the House of Commons, for a breach of privilege, in making a false and unfounded comment in that publication, on the speech of one of its members, the Hon. Grey Bennet.

The Queen has dismissed Mr. Carlo Forte from her service. Her Majesty having resolved on a permanent residence in this country, has no further occasion for this gentleman as a courier.

The latest accounts from the island of St. Helena, represent Bonaparte to be so seriously ill, and with such unfavourable symptoms, that it is probable the next dispatches will bring an account of his dissolution. We believe existence has long ceased to have any charms for him.

It is reported that His Majesty, in the course of the summer, will open the new streets in person, and with great ceremony.

Vocal concerts at the King's Concert-rooms, Hanover-square, will conclude for this season on the first of June, with Mr. Vaughan's benefit, under the patronage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and the noble director of ancient music.

Miss Patton's annual concert will take place on the 4th of June, at the New Argyle-rooms: we wish this deserving lady the success she so fully merits.

THE DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

LA Clemenza de Tito, and La Paysanne Supposée, are great favorites, and deservedly so, in the fashionable world. Madame Camporese selected Don Giovanni for her benefit, on the 24th. She is a very attractive acquisition to this elegant theatre. Mademoiselle Fanny Dias, late principal comic dancer at the Parisian opera, has made her *début* here, with great success.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

BRAHAM and Miss Wilson have been re-engaged, and have appeared frequently during the month in Artaxerxes, The Duenna, and Love in a Village.

The Kind Impostor, a metamorphosis of She would and She would not, into an opera, has been introduced on the boards of this theatre. Madame Vestris, upon whom the spirit of a young and gay cavalier appeared to sit easy, made an admirable Hypolita.

We should be happy to see the comic strength of the house called into action; but we have no *writers*, it would appear, for that desirable purpose; even tragedy is on the decline, and we must be content with constant melody.

Lord Byron's tragedy of Marino Faliero was produced on the 28th of April, with an astonishing promptitude after the publication of the original. Those who have read his lordship's preface, will observe it was not his wish it should be performed: indeed, he expresses his feelings to be decidedly against it; and this violation of his desire is likely to afford much occupation to the gentlemen of the long-robe, on the question, whether a published play can be brought on the stage, without permission, or rather in defiance of the author. The respectable publisher of the tragedy obtained an injunction against its representation; but the Lord Chancellor, on mature consideration, and advising with the Attorney-General, dissolved it, and recommended the decision to a court

of law, that this important litigation, as to copy-right, might be finally settled.

The tragedy has been much, and, in our opinion, as to some parts, very injudiciously curtailed, as it deprives it of several of its most beautiful passages.

The character of the Doge is written so much in Kean's peculiar line, portraying the strong workings of contempt and revenge, that it leads us to regret that gentleman's absence, though he is now pursuing a most successful career in America. Mr. Cooper, however, evinced considerable judgment in the part; and Mrs. West, as the Duchess Angiolina, displayed much pathos in the scene before the senate, when she pleads for the life of her husband, and recounts his former services to the Venetian state. Mr. Wallack played Israel Bertuccio, the conspirator, with great effect. Notwithstanding, Marino Faliero has not been received with the anticipated enthusiasm, nor has it filled the house on any night of its representation.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THE *Tempest* has been represented at this theatre as an *opera*; but alter the *Tempest* as they will, it is never very successful: the fact is, that the characters are *too* extraordinary; and were it not a production of Shakspeare's immortal pen, it would soon die altogether. Mr. Macready was the Prospero; Miss Foote was a lovely Ariel, but wanted rather more elasticity and alertness in her movements: the air of "Where the Bee sucks," was given very prettily. Miss Stephens, as Dorinda, gave, as she is always sure to do in every part she undertakes, great satisfaction, and her dress was tasteful and appropriate. Miss Hallande was the Miranda; and one of her airs in particular was rapturously encored; but we caution this young lady against the fault of too much ornamenting her song. Blanchard's *Trinculo* was very humorous. Emery was certainly the Caliban that Shakspeare intended; and Farren made an excellent Stephano. The scenery is very good, particularly in that part where the Duke and his companions are terrified by the spirits of the island.

Miss Dance has appeared to much advantage in the cha-

racter or Lady Townly, and certainly made a good representative of that elegant, thoughtless votary of fashion. In the gayer scenes, she was all animating sprightliness, and in the more serious ones, her tenderness, self-condemnation, and abjurement of her dissipated follies, were exquisite. We regret that this young lady did not devote another year, at least, to dramatic study, which, at her time of life, she could well have afforded, previous to her public appearance; her abilities would then have been more matured, and would have shone forth so as to reflect more credit both on herself and on the managers; yet we predict that Miss Dance will, by perseverance in the duties of her profession, and studying the models that have preceded her, become an excellent actress, and, as such, is an acquisition to the theatre.

SURREY THEATRE.

ENDLESS amusement and variety ought to be chosen as the stage motto of this elegant and industrious theatre; for it stands unrivalled as to the multiplicity and success of its new pieces. *Narbonne Castle*; or, *The Mysterious Mother*; an alteration into a melo-drame, from Horace Walpole's tragedy of *The Mysterious Mother*, is among the novelties. Miss Taylor did ample justice to the character of the Countess; and the other parts of the drama were well sustained.

The Seven Champions of Christendom is a most splendid afterpiece, abounding with beautiful scenery. The whole of this imposing spectacle is well managed and attractive.

The Poet's Last Shilling is a humorous production, and enlivens the audience after the tragic catastrophe that concludes *The Mysterious Mother*. The incidents are founded on the proverbial poverty too often the lot of those who make literary pursuits a profession.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THE eccentric Mathews continues his *Travels in Air, Earth, and Water*, three times every week, with the most triumphant success. He certainly is a most amusing performer, and is always *At Home*, to the gratification of his numerous guests.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JUNE, 1821.

WALKING-DRESS.

SARSNET round dress, of Egyptian sand-color, with a broad fluted flounce: pelerine cape, with Bourdeaux points, and fastening behind, surmounted by a triple British ruff, of Urling's patent lace. Hat, of sea-green silk beaver, or of fancy straw, with a long, white veil of striped gauze. French grey Bourdeaux slippers, and green parasol, fringed, or bordered with white.

EVENING DRESS.

ROUND dress, of fine India muslin, with three flounces touching each other, so as to form one standing up. White satin *corsage*, superbly ornamented with rich silk *cordon* and a *coquillage* plaiting on the bust, of fine Mechlin lace. Sash of broad, white, watered riband, with small bows, and long ends. White satin turban, with bandeau of pearls across the forehead, and full-blown roses placed on each side at equal distances. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

The above two elegant and truly becoming dresses were invented by Miss Pierpoint, who has so much added to the grace of female contour by the invention of her *Corset à la Grecque*, 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE robe of Fashion is always so motley, that it is almost impossible to describe it accurately, or to pronounce any part of it permanent. The weather has been, however, as changeful as the deity herself; the silk pelisse, or close buttoned spencer, is therefore often succeeded by the black lace scarf-shawl, and *vice versa*.



Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses for June 1821.

Invented by Miss Tassie, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Pub. June 1821, by Dean & Munday Threadneedle Street.

Bonnets of Leghorn are again in favor;* they are generally crowned with a superb half wreath of full-blown roses. For the carriage we have observed a hat of a new kind of fancy straw, placed on one side, with a full-blown damask-rose, on the uncovered side of the hair, underneath the hat, which is ornamented in front with a full plume of down feathers. Long white lace veils are also worn in carriage airing, over a cornette of blond, with a colored satin crown. The bonnets for walking still continue large, and are low in the crown; they are generally ornamented with flowers most in season. A bonnet also of plain sarsnet, very simply trimmed with riband, is also much admired on account of its elegant neatness for the morning promenade; it has a trimming of folded puffing of gauze at the edge.

Cambric dresses, with two narrow flounces at the hem, richly embroidered, and a broad border above, formed of fine letting-in lace, with narrow quillings to answer the flounces, placed in zig-zag, is a novel kind of white dress, that is universally admired. The full part, at the top of the long sleeves, called the *mancherons*, are ornamented to correspond with the border. Chintzes, with three flounces pointed, are much worn for morning home costume, as are muslins striped in colors; and plain sarsnets, with India muslins richly embroidered or trimmed with lace, are most in requisition for half-dress. Indeed, fine book muslins are made up in evening-dresses, with satin bodices, more than any other article, while gauze, crape, and net, are confined now to the ball-room.

For home-dress, mobs of fine blond, and net with a half wreath, in front, of pomegranite blossoms, or damask-roses, are the favorite head-dresses. Those for the morning dishabille are of fine net and blond, ornamented in various ways, with colored satin ribands. The evening *coiffure* consists of a new kind of turban, in the form of that in our engraving. These turbans are chiefly white; but some are blue, or pink, and, instead of roses on each side, they have one spiral or-

* We cannot help expressing our regret at this circumstance, and we still indulge the hope, that the good sense and patriotic feelings of our fair readers will plead in behalf of the distressed manufactures of their own country, and soon banish a fashion, which has little to plead in its excuse.

nament of flowers, or jewels, according to the style of dress or ceremony of the party visited. For full-dress, white satin toque-turbans with superb plumes of white feathers are much esteemed. Where there was not a great display of pearls, diamonds, or other valuable jewels, this head-dress prevailed much at the last drawing-room; though some ladies wore their head-dresses of silver lama to correspond with their dresses. The diamonds worn at the drawing-room were superbly set in ears of corn, jessamine, and other flowers, and formed into diadems.

The most fashionable jewellery for half-dress is coral; and the favorite colors, sea-green, Egyptian-sand, peach, and celestial blue.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

As the paraphernalia of a Parisian beauty's attire has been in many instances guided by the late joyful occasion of the baptism of the Duke de Bordeaux, a slight account of the ornamenting the church of Notre Dame, will not, we trust, be displeasing to our readers.

The base of the church-pillars were enveloped in cloth of gold, entwined with garlands of roses and their foliage. The draperies were of crimson silk. Genii were represented holding the arms of France; others with the cyphers of H. B. entwined; others were seen presenting the colors of all the chief towns of France. Metz had an escutcheon half white and half black; not being able, on account of the place, to present it under the form of a syren, the heraldic emblem of a town that was never subdued, even by Charles V. whose power was destroyed under its ramparts. Above, genii, beautifully gilt, supported two rows of lustres, destined to receive a most splendid illumination. Still higher, were medallions, representing the portraits of those saints that France particularly honors.

The princesses and ladies belonging to the court were chiefly dressed in robes of silver lama, with head-dresses to correspond: some ladies had blue turbans, with small sigrettes of jewels. Madame la Duchesse d'Angouleme and the Duchesse de Berri, wore many diamonds; the ladies in attendance were all remarked for their long, white scarfs,

embroidered in silver spangles. Such is the present court costume of France: we will now proceed to what is more generally worn.

Pelisses for the carriage are of Chinese crape, tied down the front with large bows of different colors, with a facing in bias of a different color to the pelisse; but high dresses, of colored *gros de Naples*, are favorite costumes for the carriage; they are ornamented round the bottom with a very broad border, composed of distinct stripes of flutings crosswise, of the same material as the dress. Half-boots of kid are worn to suit the color of the gown. When this gown is worn as a walking-dress, a large white bonnet of puckered crape covers the head, finished at the edge with blond, and surmounted by white curled feathers. Pelisses of *gros de Naples* are trimmed with matted satin, of the same color. High dresses of light-colored Merino cloths are also worn at the morning promenades, ornamented round the border with *bouillonnés*, flounces, headed by silk *cordon*, and the bust ornamented with Brandenburghs.

Clear muslin bonnets, embroidered in colors, generally shaded pinks, are much in favor, as are straw hats of rice straw, lined with *ponceau*, and crowned by five or seven long feathers, white and *ponceau*. The *Elodia* hat, so named from the heroine of a romance called *Le Solitaire*, now in high vogue, is the prime favorite; it is of light blue, with a blue veil of striped gauze; this has long points finished by acorns, and the points are used to tie the hat under the chin: the veil is consequently thrown back, as are all the veils now worn in Paris. Lilac crape bonnets, lined with white, and trimmed with green, with a wreath round the crown, cut in leaves of laurel, are much admired for the promenade. Leghorn bonnets are ornamented with bouquets of roses, heart's-ease, and white rockets. The Leghorn bonnets have high crowns and enormous pokes. Feathers on hats are curled, and slightly tinted at the edges with pink, blue, or lilac. The marabout feathers are also variegated. Several hats are ornamented only with bows of riband, or very full rosettes. Underneath is worn a small mob, formed of *rouleaux* of striped gauze, which has the appearance of a turban; with this head-dress, the hair is arranged in two rows of curls, forming *petits anneaux*, as far as the temples;

from whence depend two or three corkscrew ringlets to the tip of the ear. The shape of some hats is whimsical enough; they form a kind of oval, from one ear to the other, if the face is long; if broad, this oval is placed from the forehead to the back of the head. The study of the French ladies is always to adapt the head-dress to the countenance; and they are right.

When cambric dresses are flounced with muslin, the flounces are eleven or twelve in number: they are trimmed down the bust with Brandenburgs of cotton. The new Brandenburgs, however, called bead-Brandenburgs, are most in favor; they are made of hair, and are of the most delicate workmanship.

The balls given on the baptism of the Duke de Bordeaux, were crowded to a degree of suffocation; the brilliancy of the jewels took away all the attention from the dancers. The ball-dresses were chiefly of net over rose-colored satin; or of tunics of white satin, tied up on one side with a garland of every kind of flower, and of every color, except yellow. This is called the rainbow costume. The flowers in the wreath worn on the hair, answer to those on the tunic, only they are infinitely smaller. The waists are shorter, and *bouffouts* modestly conceal the bust; the *bouffouts* are of *Elodia* blue, and are fastened in front with a polished-steel or silver ornament. The *corsage* is very much pointed.

The ornaments on the hair, at balls, consist of pearls, a bandeau of which is pointed on the forehead, or wreaths of silver foliage; and three *aurioles*, or circlets of glory, in diamonds. Between the *aurioles* are placed, at a distance from each other, rosebuds without any leaves.

White satin dresses, ornamented with *tulle* and satin, embossed in elegant figures, and the sleeves very short and full, form the favorite costume for the evening-dress of ceremony, with a Moabitish turban of striped gauze, entwined with gold *cordon*, and a bird of Paradise plume.

The favorite articles in jewellery are diamonds, and gems of every color. Trinkets are worn suspended from the neck, in the form of seals.

The favorite colors are—lilac, rose-color, and blush-rose-color, emerald-green, Nile-water-green, *Elodia* (i. e. celestial) blue.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



MAY.

WELCOME! welcome! lovely May!
Blooming nymph of Summer morn,
I saw thee at the peep of day,
Sprinkling dew-drops on the thorn.

Welcome, yes, thrice welcome thou,
Whose breath perfumes the ambient air,
Changing Winter's wrinkled brow,
To all that's youthful, gay, and fair.

Infant blossoms on the trees,
Viewing thee, shall bloom anon,
And woo'd by gentle evening's breeze,
Ope their beauties to the sun.

With thee I'll stray to yonder grove,
There find the wren's soft mossied nest,
Muse o'er the joys of mutual love,
That sweetly fills her little breast.

No plunderer shall dare intrude,
Nor near her tranquil mansion rove;
We'll watch with care the tiny brood,
And be the guardians of true love.

And when sad eve her journey goes
Filling each flow'ret's cup with tears,
The thrush, in sympathetic woes,
With harmony her sorrow cheers.

When fair Aurora tints the east,
Ere yet the lark has shook his wings,
We'll jocund rise, and gaily feast
On banquets quite unknown to kings.

The dropping gems of early dew
Eclipse by far the di'mond's light,
And heaven's concave to the view
Sublimely spreads its glories bright!

The ploughman's wild and cheerful notes
Will float upon the rosy gale,
And thrice ten thousand warbling throats,
Will answer from yon wooded vale.

I'll clip the flying minutes' wing,
The longer to enjoy thy stay ;
Thus blessed with all the laughing spring,
We'll pass the fleeting hours away.

For who can tell when *thou* art gone,
But *I* may quickly follow too ;
The May of life is soonest flown,
And then each balmy thought—adieu!

The lily and the rose will die,
But renovate again for thee ;
Thou wilt return, but hapless *I*,
No more this May of life shall see.

Yet still, in worlds beyond the grave,
A brighter May than this will bloom,
When the loud trump's commanding sound
Shall rouse each tenant of the tomb!

Shall then repining tear-drops fall,
To mourn those fair, tho' fading, hours?
In heaven, the glorious, spotless sun,
For ever shines 'mid lasting flowers!

ERIN ANNA.

THE HIGHLANDER.

“ Look, look, thee, thou dearest, on valley and hill,
The moonbeams are sleeping, the night-winds are still,
And the ocean is all like a mirror of light,
The waves are so calm, and so tranquilly bright,

And the heav'ns are all of a beautiful blue,
And the leaves and the flow'rs are all cover'd with dew;
There is slumber alike, love, on earth and on air,
And the world it was never more lovely and fair!
Yes, yes, there is slumber, and long there will be
On all in the world save on you and on me.
Then haste thee, dear Rosa, oh! haste thee away,
We have miles yet to travel before it is day;
O'er moor and o'er mountain, o'er streamlet and lea,
Our journey, my Rosa, ere morning must be;
And those vallies of beauty, and castles of pride,
And the falcons you fly, and the coursers you ride,
And all that was dear since the hour of your birth,
And the friends you have lov'd, and your own native earth,
All, all you must leave, ere my bride you can be,
And go with me far, far away o'er the sea,
And with me you must dwell in a poor Highland cot,
By your lovers, and flatterers, and kindred, forgot!"

She has heard what he said, and altho' her tears fell,
To the land of her love she has sigh'd a farewell;
She has gone with him far, far away o'er the sea,
The bride of her wild Highland lover to be;
And far they have travelled o'er hill and o'er mountain,
Their bed, the brown heath, and their drink, from the fountain;
But still she was with her own lover, and smil'd,
And look'd without fear on the wood and the wild.
At last they arriv'd near a castle's proud walls,
And Rosa remembered her own native halls;
But she look'd on her lover, and smother'd a sigh,
And he smil'd, and they still to the castle drew nigh;
And he gaily look'd round him, and welcom'd with pride,
To the home of his fathers his own gentle bride.
"Yes, my love!" he exclaim'd, "o'er those halls and those tower's,
O'er those forests of pine, and those hamlets and bow'rs,
I am lord, and my Rosa the mistress shall be!
But prouder, my Rosa, the hour was to me,
When you fled with me far from your own native isle,
And riches resign'd, for my sake, with a smile;
But now jewels again shall your fair bosom cover,
And your sire will bless you and your wild Highland lover.

GENEVIEVE,

SONNET.—FROM THE ITALIAN.

BY T. B. G.

OBLIVION.

"FOR whom was rear'd this massy dome so high,
 Which distant ages greeted in its prime?
 O say for whom?" 'Twas thus I question'd Time,
 Who flew with spreading wings without reply.
 To Fame I call'd—"O thou whose rumours fly,
 Bearing high deeds through many an age and clime,
 Say, whose these ruins wild, this wreck sublime?"
 She sigh'd, and pass'd me with a downcast eye.
 In silent thought I stood, and deep amaze;
 Till, over heaps of many a mouldering stone,
 The fiend Oblivion stalk'd, and caught my gaze;
 Of him I sought, and straight in hideous tone
 Came this coarse answer thundering o'er the place,
 "I heed not whose they were,—they're now my own."

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR MISS H——.

THE field of Waterloo was crown'd with waving corn,
 And the echoes of Ardennes return'd the hunter's horn,
 And o'er the smiling plains no other sound was heard
 Than the bleating of the lamb, or the twitter of the bird;
 But mark the distant wood between,
 The glittering of arms is seen—
 Streamers flying—chargers prancing—
 Hostile troops on troops advancing,
 Prostrating the yellow corn,
 Silencing the hunter's horn;
 How many a gallant heart the bloody day shall rue,
 When the corn was trodden down on the field of Waterloo.

The bullets fly around, as countless as the sand,
 And warriors pressing onward combat hand to hand,

And the plain of Waterloo is cover'd with the dead—
Vict'ry for England! the Gallic troops have fled.

“Vict'ry! the foe is flying!”

Cheers with its sound the soldiers dying;

But many a tear shall flow,

For the vict'ries of the foe,

Friends, relatives, and lovers,

Whom the turf, unnoticed, covers.

And though, upon thy plains, the corn shall wave anew,

Thy glory shall for ever live—Field of Waterloo.

April 11th, 1821.

J. B. n.

TO A FRIEND ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY MRS. COCKLE.

HAS not the heart its calendar? its hours,
And number'd days, so exquisitely bright,
That e'en the foot of Time seems stay'd with flow'rs,
And Fancy lingers in her upward flight,
As if no happier region could be found,
Nor fairer form, nor gentler spirit dwell,
Than that which consecrates thy fairy ground,
With all the magic of affection's spell?

Yes! *I have register'd such hours with thee,*
As bear the impress of a higher sphere,
When the full heart 'midst each warm impulse free,
Springs to the lips, confiding as sincere,
And hails the sister-feeling, kindly fraught
With all that ministers to joy or woe;
The look responding, and the answering thought,
Traced on that open page—thy artless brow.

And they have been my solace! thrown a gleam
Of angel brightness, trembling from afar,
As on the bosom of some troubled stream
Fall the soft lustre of the evening star,
Gilding its ruffled waters! So hast thou,
In the dark swelling of a deeper tide,
Bade every stormy current cease to flow,
Still pending o'er it, like an angel guide.

In after times, when trac'd in fond review,
 These sacred days, one dearer yet shall rise,
 Which the heart still shall consecrate to you,
 'Midst June's rich garlands, and unclouded skies.
 It is thy birthday! Oh! may lengthen'd years
 Look brightly on it—and prophetic prove,
 Of every joy that tenderness endears,
 'Midst cherish'd forms of confidence and love.

VERSES,

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF MICKLE'S POEM OF "THE CON-
 CUBINE."

GOD of our mind! if human bosoms beat
 With genuine sparks of energy divine,
 In ladies' hearts improve the noble heat,
 Till female worth fulfil thy rich design!

Full oft, as here, unholy beauty lifts
 O'er weak, unguarded youth its luckless star,
 Quench'd the warm lustre of Heav'n's choicest gifts,
 And hope is hamper'd in the spreading snare.

Yet man to sovereign beauty safe may bow,
 If dress'd in purity's internal charm,
 The rose of love without a thorn may blow,
 By goodness nurs'd, and virtue's sunshine warm.

Mark then, ye fair! where springs your fastest sway,
 If heartfelt worth and beauty's grace combine,
 Obsequious man shall catch the kindling ray,
 And when adoring you, be most divine!

But where is genuine worth, in mixture rare,
 With winning loveliness at once combin'd?
 Go then, and ne'er unfeeling ask me where,
 While Delia's form survives, and Delia's mind!

BION.

STANZAS.

I SAW the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes;
And he was poor—without a friend—
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the passion's pliant slave,
In gallant trim and gay,
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a Summer's day.

And I was caught in folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train,
But found her soon the nurse of care,
And punishment, and pain.

There surely is some guiding power,
Which rightly suffers wrong,
Gives vice to bloom its little hour—
But virtue, late and long!

LORD STRANGFORD'S CAMOENS.

FRIENDSHIP.

THO' friendship's a flower, that by many is cherish'd,
'Twill fade, when the blast of suspicion blows cold,
And the one that has rear'd it, will find it has perish'd,
Before all its beauties had time to unfold.

The heart's-ease with this plant, in the bosom combining,
May seem to live on, tho' the soil round is dry,
But we know from its roots with the other entwining,
When friendship is gone, 'twill soon wither and die.

Then why should we thus labor, so long broken-hearted,
To cherish a feeling, whose joys are soon flown,
Whose deep root, when its blossoms have long since departed,
Will canker the bosom in which it was sown?

January 29th, 1821.

ALEXA.

EXTEMPORE LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MISS JANE PAIN, AFTER GOING DOWN A COUNTRY-
DANCE WITH THE AUTHOR.

LONG time I've sought pleasure,
Yet sought it in vain;
When I find without measure,
'Tis in dancing with—*Pain!*

J. B—n.

Marriages.

At Brighton, J. C. H. Tuffnell to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late J. Rarfold, of Annington, Sussex. B. H. Gill, Esq. of Wraysbury, to Miss M. J. Richardson, daughter of the Countess Winterton. M. J. Cartwright, of Singleton, Sussex, to Miss C. Broadbent, of Ewell, Surrey. Edward Layton, Esq. to Miss Mary Miller, daughter of C. M. Esq. L. H. Desanges, Esq. of Finsbury-square, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Dakins. At Sidmouth, Henry Carew, Esq. to Miss J. M. Rogers, of Sidmouth. Lieut. W. Bindon to Miss Louisa, second daughter of G. Laye, Esq. The Hon. C. Langdale to Miss Maxwell, of Everingham Park. J. Philcox, Esq. of Burwash, Sussex, to Miss Louisa Hughes. Capt. G. B. Maxwell, R. N. to Miss Clerke, of Bownham-House, Gloucestershire.

Deaths.

Mrs. Sidebotham, of Upper Norton-street. Major General T. S. Bateman, of Bengal. Mrs. H. L. Piozzi, aged 82. At Halstead, Essex, Frederic, sixth son of C. Hanbury, Esq. At Woodford, Mrs. Harmen, aged 80. Charles Downs, Esq. State Page to his Majesty. At Wantage, Berkshire, Mrs. Goodlake. Mrs. S. C. Docker, of Keevil, Wilts. Lieut. Gen. Read, of Curwood, Wilts. Lieut. Col. Casement, of Calcutta. At Montague-place, Mary, the wife of Major General Barton. In Cockspur-street, Mr. Slark, of Cheapside, and of Clapton, Middlesex. Ann M'Ray, aged 112.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following are received—The communications of Miss A. M. Porter,—of N—,—of Mrs. G—,—A Woman of Kent,—Old English Manners,—Amicus Musarum,—Veritas,—The Old Maid's Dinner,—Lines, by Catharine, Alexa, J. M. Lacey,—“Tho' absent,” &c.—Miss M. L. Rede,—Giovonni,—Etoniensis,—and Essays by G.

The request of D. is complied with.

Enquiry will undoubtedly be made into the subject of J. S—'s Letter, and we feel obliged to him for the communication.

Angelica Alexander, shall be attended to as soon as possible.

Opinions of Old English Author's on interesting and important Subjects, shall appear in our next.

We beg leave to ask, whether the Charade upon the name F—, is personal; if so, we cannot admit it.

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